

VVhat will you have?
A CALF
WITH A
VWHITE FACE.

Or, a Relation of his Travailles from
England into Ireland, Scotland, Poland, Holland,
Amsterdam, and other places, and is now newly
arrived in the Cittie of London, where
he meanes to abide.



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VVhat will you have? a CALFE with a WHITE FACE.

AL those who are troubled with the Grumbling in the Gizzard, or the Fancies, whom no Government, or any Order, Rule or Power in Church or State can content; all such as are never well (full or fasting) Who will have better Bread then is made of Wheat, with the rest of that stubborne and stiff-neck'd Generations; all these sorts of mischiefe-making Murmurers, that labour the raine of all, for their own peculiar profits and privat ends; such as only love themselves, and yet hate one another deadly; all such I do freely invite to the eating of my Calfe with the white face.

Now what this Calfe is, and what it is not, or from whence it came, and bad it's breeding, is necessary to be declared.

Fist, this Calfe is not a golden Calfe, such a one as the two-legg'd Calves of Israel wotship'd whilst Moses was in the Mount nor such a one as the brace of Calves was, which Jeruebom set up, the one at Beth-el, the other at Dan. For if my Calfe had bin a golden Beast, 'tis ten to one he had bin Sequestered, and justly brokea in peices, and transform'd into a ~~old~~ golden Calfe, and consequently coyned for some other uses; nor is it an Essex Calfe, or Walsheys Calfe, (that went nine miles to suck a Bod, and came home againe thirteene;) nor did I ever read, or hear, that any of these fore-named Calves had white faces.

Thus have I told you what my Calfe was not, is not, or ever like to be; now I tell you what he was, is, and will be.

It is but a little *Calf* (for the greatest *Calves* are not the sweetest *Veale*) yet as little as it is, it is spread universally over the face of the Earth, and metamorphosed into a general Proverb.

And though it be daily in the mouths of thousands of people, yet it is never devoured or diminished, much like a Taylours *Goose*, never to be eaten; a meere invisible *Calf*.

My wise, and dearly-beloved Cousins of *London* have fed upon it a long time; they grumb'led and repined against Peace and Plentie, they had more of Gods blessings then they knew how to make right use of, their Allegiance lay so heavie on their stomacks, that too many of them gave most part of their estates to have a publike faithful Vomit, which made them cast, and cast away so extreamly, that a number of them were like to have cast their hearts out, and so much over-strain'd themselves, that they are cleane out of hope of recoverie, for they have no other earthly comfort left, *but a Calf with a white face*.

And all those, that grudge against the just Rights of the King, are justly deprived of their just Rights, which (by more then a good many) were unjustly gottes; There was much *Irish Land* bought, which Lands are fruitfull *Fields* in the *Firmament*, fat *Pastures* and *Meadowes* in the *Clouds*, and stately *Castles* in the *Ayre*.

A great number of mad men were possest with a conceit, that those wise Akers of invisible Land was to be sold and bought at easie rates, by the measure of their owne feet; which caused them to go to the Devills own Shoo-maker, who furnisht them with Boats & Shoos just in the fashion of his owne cloven foot, of a reaching siz, longer then the foot by three or four inches; forked as if they made hornes at every bodie they met, (a most excellent policie to gaine

large penny-worths,) for which christie bargaine, they shal
be feasted with the head and braines of a Calf with a white
face.

A wicked crew in the Citie and Countrie, who were
imagined to be stout and strong Pillars of State; whose
Wisedome, Integritie, and Loyalties, might have sup-
ported the Church and Kingdomes in Peace and happie
Government; But those Pillars are proved to be no bet-
ter then Carter-pillars, having devoured and spoyled all
our fruitfull Possessions, Spirituall and Temporall; in so-
much, that all those that did put any trust or confidence in
them, have scarce so much hope left them as to feed upon
the Calf with a white face.

It is said, that the East wind contyning in the most part
and greatest number of those kind of destroying Vermin,
but we find (by lamentable expeirience) that all the winds
have unfortunatly blown them into our Countrie, but the
most damnable swarmes of them were puffed with the
blustering breath of Boreas, from the cold North.

Yet there are some amongst us who are grieved at the
odds and differences that we have, and if they had (or may
get so much power into their hands) they would speedily
make all our odds even, and end our division by dividing.

These are the upright-minded Levellers, that would have
no King, no Magistrate, no Law, no Religion, nor any
Man to have more wealth or more wit and honestie then
another; that every one might be equall, trim tram, rowly
porth, Jack as good as Charles, and Joane as good as my La-
die, all fellowes at f. or. baill; But these fellowes shall have
the Calf with the white face.

These kind of Levellers are of an ancient standing in
England, and in that they are no upstarts: for neare 300
yeares agoe, in the yeare of Grace 1380, the fiftie year of
the

the taugh of K. Richard the second, by the seditious preaching of Person John Ball, they arose in Armes for the same Levelling purpose, and did much mischiefe in the Kingdome; as you may read the full Storie in *Stowes Chronicle*, Page 293, and 393, to which Booke I refer such as desire further satisfaction.

Now if every man were to be in an equalitie, we must be all Rich men, or all poore; all Wise men, or all Fooles; all with sight and limbs, or all blind and lame; all civill, or all mad; all sober, or all drunkeards; all honest men and women, or all Whores and Whore-masters; all true men, or all Thieves; all old, or all young; all players, or all workers; all Labourers, or all Loystchers; all Gentlemen, or all Clowres and Peasantes; &c.

I could insist further in this uneven kind of Levelling, but enough is sufficient. *Licurgus K. of Sparta, or Lacedaemonia*, when a Fellow asked him, whether he did not hold it very necessary to lay all degrees of Persons and their Estates Levell throughout all his Dominions, the K. answered him, That he would have him, and all the rest which were of his mind to begin first to make all Persons equall, and lay all levell in their owne houses.

But now I have done with my Calfe, and my Calfe hath done with me; for a Scottish Pedlar hath gotten him from me, and carried away by Sea from England to Amsterdam in Holland, as this shott following relation doth declare.

There was a ripe-witted young Lad, borne and brought up North-ward beyond Barwick, betwene Edesborow and the High-Lands, his name was Malcolme Magriger; This Fellow being of the age of eighteene yeares, left his Country, and sailed in a Ship called the *Mary-earry-knaue* into Poland; he had not been long there, but he was entertained by a Scottish Pedlar (who call themselves Merchants

in that Country) and having scarce served his Master two yeares, he thriv'd so well, that (by running away with his Masters pack) he set up for himselfe, whereby he grew so wickedly rich, that he left Poland and came into Holland; where at Amsterdam he hired a faire house, with a shop & a large ware-house, which he stor'd with all manner of such commodities as he supposed to be most vendible to others, and commodious to himself: You must imagin now that you see him in's Shop with many Customers about him, & he very willing to take money as fast as he can.

First, one came unto him and asked him if hee had any Religion to sell; he answered, that he was furnished with all Religions, and would sell any man what he had most mind unto, for there was varieties and choyce enough. Looke you Sir, heare is Popery, if you like it I will afford you a good penny-worth.

The other replied, that it was old and stale, and that it had a peorc thing in it called Charicie, (which the Papists do imagine to be good-workes) which I hold to be an erroneous kind of Doctrine, for I am perswaded, that good workes are not meritorious, and therefore my selfe, (with many thousands more of my opinion) never did any, and as near as we can, never meane to trouble our selves with the doing of any. Then said the Merchant, Sir, I would be glad to take your money, I pray you take your choyce; see here, will you buy the Protestant Religion, I tell you it is a good old one, and the old way is the good way, and the best way. It was answered, That the Protestant Profession did flourish a long time in England, till the mad people did mangle and easer it into ragged Shreds and Sects, and though you have it to sell, yet i thinke no man is so mad as to buy it, for it teacheth Obedience, Loyaltie, and Allegiance to Kings & Princes, Then said the Merchant, Sir, I thinke you came h

not to buy er bargtine; I cannot please your humor, will you have
a Calfe with a white face?

Then came an old Ladie of the last edition friend (quoth she) have you any new fashions to sell for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Esquire? Ladie (aid he) I have the best and newest within the walls of *Afrique or America*; here are most exquisit black patches for the face, to illustrate & make the beautie the more conspicuous; here they are in the formes of Flyes, Fleas, Monkeys, and Mag-Pyes, Sun, Moone, Starres, Owles and Pole-Cats; I can assure you Ladie there is much art in the creation of them, and they are in such request in *England*, that a Gentlewoman gave 100 li. for a black patch in the forme of a Coach and fourre Horses, which patch was no bigger then the compasse of a Scotch three pence. Lush (quoth she) I came to buy no such bables, I woud have bought somē Honestie, Modestie, and Chasttie, for my selfe, and for my Daughters, and Maid-servants: Pish quoth he, your Ladyship doth not well know what you would have, will you have a Calfe with a white face?

Ceme Gentlemen, what lack ye? here are fine Ribands of all colours to weare for favours round your Hats, or to garnish and adorn your Cappes for the honour and exaltation of the Tool of Transgessiōn: Come along Cuttemers, here are curious Salt-Sellers and Knives heft made of black, white, and gray marble, out of the Ruins and Reliques of old Charing Croſſe; here is a fine Shoring Horne made out of part of the mayle of *Gargantua's* little finger, here are Dice made of the Eye-Teeth of the famous Witch of *Endor*: What, are you all lookers on and gaping-gazers, will nothing fit you, will you have a Calfe with a white face?

Here is a rare piece of workmaſhip, a brave Picture of a good King to be ſold, his person hath been bought, ſold, and bartered, more times then he hath fingers and toes; come buy, buy.

What lack ye Sir? then ſaid an Englishman, have you any Englishe Booke? yes Sir, I have Booke of Roguerie, Vilanie, Lyes, Perfect Current Lyes, Moderate Lyes, Lyes of all shapes & ſizes: The other replye, a pox take 'em, we have too many of them in *England*, they are as plentyfull as durr, and cryed every day about the ſtreets of *London* and *Westminster* for pence a pece. The Pedlar anſwered, Sir, I have none that will give you content, I thinkē you wond have a Calfe with a white face; farewell, good night, I will ſhut up my Shop with

Finis.

Patches. p. 8

Salt-Sellers and knives hefted of black white and gray
marble out of the ruins and reliques of old Charing Cross &c.

"This pretty little Calf with a white face entering the Room at such time as I
was disputing the case about Victualls, and understanding that there was none
that I liked. She told me that if I loved Cakes, I might have very good ones
three Doors off." Kirkman's Unlucky Stager. 1673. p. 124